



COBBES
PROPHECIES, HIS
SIGNES AND TOKENS,
his Madrigalls, Questions, and An-
sweres, with his spirituell Lesson, in
Verse, Rime, and Prose.

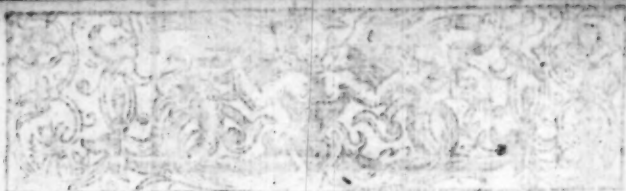
Pleasant, and not vnprofitable.

*Reade that will, Iudge that can, Like
that list.*



Printed at London for *Robert Wilson*, and are to be sold
at his Shop at *Graves-Inne Gate*.

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CORBES

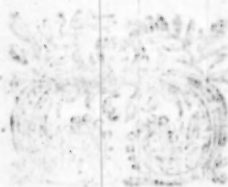
PROBECIES HIS

SIGNS AND TOKENS

his Madrigals, Questions, and An-
swers, with his Journal of his
Voyage to Rome, and so forth.

Printed and sold by

Roberts and Will. Ingleton can take
that list



Printed at London for Roberts and Will. Ingleton, and are to be sold
at the Shop of George Ingleton, in Great

1684



To the Reader.



Here was vpon a time an odde
Country Riming Fellow, whose
name was Cobbe: where hee
dwelt, I finde not ; and what hee
was, it skils not : Onely this I
note of him, that it seemes by the
Memoriall I haue of him, that he was in his time, as
(no doubt are many now adaies) giuen to looke so
farre aboute the Moone, that as falling through the
Clouds, when he wak't, he knew not where he was:
but strange thinges he had in his head, which he set
downe as oddely in writing : where if you looke for
verse, you are out ; if for Rime, you are in : now,
if you take delight in old idle Prophecies, strange
Signes and Tokens, though they neuer come to passe,
and to reade now and then of many a strange Ma-
drigall. beere you may haue change to fit your choise;
how they will fall fit with your humour I know not,
and therefore this is all I will say to you. I know

To the Reader.

*the Book Seller will say. What lack you, and I say,
I wish all may like you; so, till I see you, though I
know you not when I meete you, to the Lord of hea-
uen I leaue you.*

Your well willer as to all

honest Men.

Richard Rablet.

**COBBES PROPHECIES,
HIS MADRIGALS, SIGNES,
AND TOKENS.**



When fashions make mens Bodies,
And wits are rul'd by Noddies :
When Fooles grow rich by fortune,
And wise must fooles importune.
When Greyhounds must cry crauen,
And Mastiue Dogges must rauē :
When Faulcons stoope to carren,
And Poulcats spoile the warren.
The Sunne doth leaue his shining,
The Moone is in declining :
The Starres are ouer-shrouded,
The Sky is ouer-clouded.
The Ayre is all infected,
The Plague yet not respected :
No Charity nor pittie,
In Country, nor in Citty.
The vertuous all disgraced,
The famous all defaced :
And rascall kinde of people,
Shall looke aboue Paules steeple :
When Nightingales are scorned,
And Cuckoes are adorned.
And Black-birds leaue their whistle,
And perch vpon a Thistle :
And Oates are sowne and gathered,
And Children are stranger fathered.

And

Prophecies.

And Swannes do loose their feathers,
While Geese fortell foule weathers:
When Horses tug at Cables,
While Asses keepe the Stables:
When Virgins waite on whoores,
And Knights keepe Beggars doores:
And Iackes like Knights shall let it,
Because their purses get it,
When Noble-minded Spirits,
Can haue no hope of Merits;
But either quite discarded,
Or slenderly rewarded:
When Owles, and Apes, and Asses,
Shall pranke themselues in Glasses.
While better kind of Creatures,
Of farre more dainty Natures,
Shall clad in cloath of lether,
To hold out winde and wether.
When Schollars mocke their Teachers,
And Lay men laugh at Preachers:
And woodcockes learne of wizards,
To play the doting dizards.
When foule flaps shall be painted,
And faire paps shall bee tainted,
And patience must content her,
That no man will lament her:
But all things topsie-turuy,
Do proue the world so scuruy,
That honest men abhorre it,
Why? then, who will care for it?
But, that no such ill season,
Where truth may dye by treason,

The

Prophecies.

The wicked foole may flourish,
While none the good will nourish :
Or Earth be seene or heard,
To make the world afeard :
Pray all good hearts with me,
That it may neuer be.

When lacke of grace turnes good to euill,
And men leaue God to serue the Denill :
And young men follow imperfections,
And old men dote in ill affections.
When Beauty is a baite of sinning,
While wanton threds, make wicked spinning,
And wealth doth onely breede ambition,
When Nature shewes an ill condition.
And basenesse buyes the Badge of Honor,
VWhile VVisedome weepes to looke vpon her ;
VWhen learning teacheth but illusion,
VWhere fancies study but confusion.
When power is seene but in oppression,
VWhile conscience makes no sinnes confession :
VWhen Lechery is Natures follace,
And Robbery is Reasons purchase.
VWhen peace doth breede an ill security,
Where pleasure liues but in impurity :
When simple vertue is disdained,
And subtile vice is entertained :
If such a time should euer be,
That, I hope, neuer man shall see.
That so the wicked fiende should rage,
In euery course of euery age ;

B

That

Prophecies.

That lack of Grace should thinke it good,
To liue vpon the fruit of blood;
While Spirits carelesse of saluation,
Will headlong runne vnto damnation:
Pray to the Lord of heauen to mend it,
Or in his mercy, quickly end it.

WHen Tradesmen take no Mony,
Nor Varmin hunt a Cony:
Old Mumpsie is no Meacocke,
Nor his proud Minckes a Peacocke.
The Souldiour is not bloody,
His Ostesse is not muddy;
The Vsurer not greedy,
The rich releue the needy:
The Courtier is not haughty,
His Courtizan not naughty.
The wantons leaue their winking,
The damned crew their drinking:
The Geese do leaue their grazing,
And idle cies their gazing:
Dame Parnell is no pratler,
Her parasite no flatterer:
The Chapmen leaue their buying
And Sellers leaue their lying.
The Skipper leaues his sayling,
The Oyster-wiues their rayling;
The Farmer leaues his tillage,
The Begger leaues the village.
When Snudges leaue their sparing,
And Coseners leaue their sharing:

When

Prophecies.

When Theeues doe leaue their robbing,
And heauy harts their throbbing:
When proud men leaue their spighting,
And Poets leaue their byting:
When Children leaue their crying,
And old men leaue their dying;
Strange will be the alteration,
Or else, a consummation.

WHen Ships doe saile against the winde,
And Nature goes against her kinde:
And tongues must say that blacke is white,
While mad men make a day of night:
When Reason must subscribe to will,
To leaue the good and take the ill.
When Conscience sits and blowes the cole,
While Patience liues on pitties dole:
And Wisedome shall be poore and bare,
While folly lights on Fortunes share;
And learning doth but breake the braine,
While bare Experience gets the gaine:
And loue is plaid on follies Stage,
Twixt Youth, and Ages marriage.
And Auarice with ielous eies,
Doth liue in greese, while pleasure dies:
And man becomes but Monies Slaue,
While Vertue liues in Honors Graue;
When Nature thus doth change her course,
From good to bad, from ill to worse.
And, hope of mendment will be small,
When thus the Deuill workes in all:

Prophccies.

If euer man should liue to know
The wailefull time of so much woe:
As God forbid should euer be,
That Eare should heare, or Eye should see:
Then hartty prayers would do well,
For sauing of the Soule from Hell.

When the Fisher man drownes the Eele,
And the Hare bites the Huntsman by the heel:
When the Geese do driue the Foxe into his hole,
And the Thistle ouertops the May-pole.
The Hering is at warre with the Whale,
And the Drunkard forswears a pot of Ale:
When the Lawyers plead all for pittie,
And conscience is the Ruler of a Citty;
When the parson will his Tithes forgoe,
And the Parish will pay him, will, or no.
When the Vsurer is weary of his gaine,
And the Farmer feedes the poore with his graine:
The Oyster leaues gaping for the tide,
And Lob-lolly will not daunce with his Bride.
When Prentizes had rather worke then play,
And Schollars cannot away with a holy-day:
When brabbles and quarrels all cease,
And Armies yeelde their Armies to peace;
And peace such a power hath won,
That Sculdiers serue all with a Potgun.
When the Fletcher fals out with the Bolt,
And the wise must make curisie to a Dolt,
When the Night is brighter then the Day,
And the Cloudes driue the winde away.

When

Prophecies.

When the Snow and the Frost are fire hot,
And the Costermongers Apples will not rot:
When the Asshe shall make Musique to the Owle,
And the Slut will not weare her cloaths foule.
When the Ship shall throw away her saile,
And the Dogge shall leaue wagging of his taile;
And the Rabbets shall runne through the Hey,
And the Varmin makes the Warriner runne away:
When the Cat is afraid of the Mousse,
And the Beggar will walke without a Loufe.
When Connies doe Castles vndermine,
And Lords must waite while Lobcookes dine:
And rich men weepe, and Beggars sing,
And euery Knaue will be a King.
Vntill the Gallowes, or the Whip,
Doe take a Villaine in a Trip:
When all things thus doe come to passe,
That by an Oxe, and by an Asshe;
The question shall decided be,
Why Dogges and Cats cannot agree.
When Mowles and Wormes do looke abroad,
And Snakes doe combat with the Toade:
The Fleyes will not abide the sheetes,
Nor idle people walke the streetes,
When thus the world doth come about
Within the course of *Colin Clout*:
Which neuer man I hope shall see,
God knowes what then the world will be.

When the Winter to Summer turneth,
The Fire cooles, and the water burneth;
When

Prophecies.

When the Fly puts the Eagle to her flight,
And the day holds a Candle to the night:
When the trees bend downe to the bushes,
And the Owle driues the Nightingale to hushes:
When the Hare fals to play with the Hound,
And the Worme scornes to creepe into the ground;
When the Aspe with the Wolfe makes a fray,
And the Mouse makes the Cat runne away.
When the Owle teacheth the Parrat to speake,
And the Goose makes the Gander to keake:
When the Market Crosse is without Corne,
And not a house will yeeld a man a horne.
When the Clouds commaund the winde to be still,
And the Valley will ouertop the hill:
When the Storke is afraid of the Frog,
And the Cur runs away from the Hog.
When the Beggars will leaue the high way,
And wantons will giue ouer play;
When a Moris-dance is without a foole,
And a foole be without a Ladle and a toole:
When rich wares will be at low rate,
And a Citty will runne out at the Gate:
The Sailer cannot away with a merry gale,
And the Constable is afraid of a pot of Ale.
When the Goose is mistaken for the Swan,
And the Goodwife knowes not her good Man;
If the world were come to such a change,
The alteration would be very strange:
But rather then all should go so amisse,
Better be content with it, as it is.

When

Prophecies.

VWhen the day and the night do meete,
And the houses are euen with the streete :
And the fire and the water agree,
And blinde men haue power to see :
When the Wolfe and the Lambe liue together,
And the blasted trees will not wither.
When the flood and the ebbe runne one way,
And the Sunne and the Moone are at a stay ;
When Age and Youth are all one,
And the Miller creeps through the Mill-stone :
When the Ram butts the Butcher on the head,
And the liuing are buried with the dead.
VWhen the Cobler doth worke without his eends,
And the Cutpurse, and the Hangman are friends :
Strange things will then be to see,
But I thinke it will neuer be.

VWhen the wind is alwaies in one place,
All Horses are of one Race :
And all Men are in one case.

When all words haue but one sence,
All Cases are in one tence ;
And all Purfes haue but one expence.

VWhen all hands do fit one Gloue,
All harts haue but one Loue :
And all Birds be but one Doue.

VWhen all wit is in one head,
And all Corne makes but one bread ;
And all ease is in one bed.

VWhen

Prophecies.

When all Truth is in one hart,
And all Knowledge is in one art,
And all Diuisions are in one part.

When all sport is in one play,
When all feasts are in one day:
And all States are at one stay.

When all faces haue but one feature,
And all Spirits are of one Nature;
And all worth is in one Creature.

Such wonders will be then to see,
As out of doubt will neuer be.

When there is nothing but sorrow and care,
And the fieldes are all barren and bare;
And the Beggers haue a miserable share.

When the Markets are horrible deere,
There is nothing to drinke, but small beere:
And the rich men keepe beggerly cheere.

When the Children are bawling and crying,
And old folkes are swearing and lying:
And sicke folkes are sighing and dying.

When Baiard is downe in the mire,
And the fat is all in the fire:
When loue hath lost his desire.

When Maisters do fall into rages,

And

Prophecies.

And Seruants are vnpaid their wages ;
And all their best clothes are in gages.

If euer it should come about,
To put the Cockes eies cleane out
And then hope to reuell and rout.

Which I hope neuer to see,
But where all faire Gamsters be ;
Good fellowes will kindly agree.

God knowes, for I cannot tell,
Who then goes to Heauen or to Hell.

VVhen Preachers haue louing Auditors,
And Borrowers haue kind Creditors :
When Sutors petitions haue comfortable reading,
And *Forma pauperis* hath a fauourable pleading.
VVhen loue is the whole rule of life,
And the Good man loues none but his owne wife,
VVhen there is no spleene, nor any spight,
But euery one keeps his owne right :
VVhen all is as plaine as the high-way,
And all goes by yea, and by nay.
And one man so well loues another,
That there is no false Sister nor Brother,
No facing, frowning, nor fighting,
But one in another delighting ;
No oddes twixt the Groome and the Bride,
No enuy, nor mallice, nor pride.
No punishment, but for offences,

Prophēcies.

No care, but all for expences.
No time spent, but all businesse,
Nor sleeping, but all in heauinesse:
No iarring, but all in iesting,
No friendship, but all in feasting.
No lawing, brabling, nor bribing,
No kind of scoffing, nor gibing;
No painting of ill-fauored faces,
Nor seeking of true loues disgraces:
No tale, but well worth the telling,
Nor fauour, but well worth the smelling.
No A&t, but well worth the doing,
No Wench, but well worth the woiing;
If such a time were happily come,
To proue this true in all, or some;
Who would not ioy in hart to see,
And pray it might so euer be.

When toies and trifles stand for treasure,
And pain mistaken stands for pleasure:
When lust mistaken is for loue,
A lack-daw for a Turtle-doue.
When Craft is taine for Honesty,
Hypocrisie, for Piety;
And babling held for eloquence,
And basenesse stands for excellence:
When truth shall be esteem'd a iest,
And he thats rich, is onely blest.
While all the vertues of the mind,
Do all go whirling downe the wind.
And braine spun thred shall be esteem'd,
And Wisedome little worth be deem'd:

And

Prophecies.

And flatterers shall stand for friends,
To bring but fooles to idle ends :
When nothing shall be well begun,
But crost, or spoild ere it be done.
And euery where the bad for good,
Shall be too much misvnderstood ;
While wilfull folly should reioyce,
In making of a wicked choyce :
And true discretion grieue to see,
In what a case the cursed be ;
If such a time was neuer such,
Should come to curse the world so much :
As God forbid it should be so,
That Man should so much sorrow know ;
That Devils so should play their parts,
Then vp to Heauen with honest harts.

When seuen Geese follow one Swan,
And seuen Cats licke in one pan :
When seuen Iack-dawes follow one Crow,
And seuen Archers shoot in one Bow.
When seuen Citties make but one State,
And seuen houses haue but one Gate :
When seuen Armies make but one Campe,
And seuen States haue but one stamp :
When seuen Schollers haue but one gown,
And seuen Lordships, make but one towne.
When seuen Swaggers haue but one Punck,
And seuen trauailers haue but one truncke.
When seuen Horses saddle one Mare,
And seuen Pedlers haue but one packe of ware :

Prophecies.

When seuen Hackney Men haue but one Iade,
And seuen Cutlers haue but one Blade;
When seuen Butchers haue but one staule,
And seuen Coblers, haue but one aule:
When seuen riuers haue but one Fish,
And seuen Tables haue but one Dish.
When seuen Lawyers plead but one case,
And seuen Painters worke vpon one face:
When seuen Ditties haue but one Note,
And seuen Fidlers haue but one Grote.
When seuen Guls haue but one throat,
And seuen Truls, haue but one peticoat;
If by the number thus of seuen,
The one doe make the odde full euen:
That, in the fence of the conceit,
The seuen to one doe make vp eight.
It seemes not strange, yet vnto me
Tis strange, now euen and odde agree:
Yet when it fals, tis no deceit,
That seuen and one doe make vp eight.

When the Hen crows,
Then the Cocke knowes
what worke must be done,
And when the wind blowes,
Then the Sailer knowes
what course must be runne.

When the Mill goes,
Then the Miller knowes
what Fish are a fote:

And

Madrigals.

And when the tide flowes,
Then the Water-man knowes,
what to doe with his Boate.

When the Grasse growes.
Then the Mower knowes,
what to do with his Sithe:
And when the Farmer sowes,
Then the Parson knowes
he shall haue a Tithe.

When the Buckes take the Does,
Then the Warriner knowes,
there are Rabbits in breeding:
And when the Bag showes,
Then the Milke-maid knowes
the Cow hath good feeding.

When the day peepeth,
And the Husbandman sleepeth,
he looserh the gaine of the morning;
But when the Ducke quaketh,
And *Sin* his *Susan* waketh,
take heed of working for horning.

When the Bell ringeth,
And Robin-redbrest singeth,
vp maids and make cleane your Dairy;
But if ye lye and stretch ye,
Vntill the lazy catch ye,
take heed that ye meeete not the Fairy.

Madrigals.

When the Cow loweth,
And Cocke-a-doodle croweth;
 vp maids and put on your raiment:
For if ye keepe your beds
Till ye loose your maiden heads,
 take heed of a forty weeks payment.

But when the Starre shooteth,
And the Owle hooteth,
 to bed then and take your ease:
But when ye would rest,
Take heed in your nest,
 ye find not worse varmin then fleas.

When the Dogge howleth,
And your Dame scowleth,
 then wenches take heed of foule weather:
But when the Mouse peepeth,
And your Dame sleepeth,
 then laugh and be merry together.

When the Watch walketh,
And at the doore talketh,
 Lads and Guirles, looke to your doores;
Then to bed roundly,
And sleepe there as soundly,
 as if ye were all knaues and whores.

VVhen a man is old,
And the wether blowes cold,
 well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne:

But

Madrigals.

But when he is young,
And his blood new sprung,
his sweete hart is worth halfe the Towne.

When a Maid is faire,
In her smocke and haire,
who would not be glad to woe her:
But when she goes to bed,
To loose her maiden-head,
how kindly her Good-man goes to her.

When the Grasse doth spring,
And the Birds gin to sing,
take heed of St. Valentines day;
Least while ye reioyce,
In lighting on your choyce,
ye make not ill worke before May.

When the Sunne shines bright,
And the Day is light,
then Shepheards abroad with your flocks:
But if the Heyfer play,
And the Heard be aw ay,
take heed the Bull prooue not an Oxe.

When the Corne is ripe,
And the Straw makes a pipe,
then to it with the Sithe and the Sickle:
But when ye make the stacke,
If ye lye on your backe,
take heed how ye laugh till ye tickle.

When

Madrigals.

When the Apples fall,
And the Partridges call,
Then Farmers haue home with your Corne:
But when ye make your Mowes,
Take heed to your Cowes,
they beare not a sheafe on a horne.

When the trees doe bud,
And the Kids chew the cud,
then fall to your digging and sowing:
But if your seede be nought,
Or your worke be ill wrought;
then blame not the ground for ill growing.

When the Sunne is downe,
And the Guests come to towne,
long traualers lightly are weary.
But if mine Oste be a good fellow,
And mine Osteffe be not yellow;
who then would not laugh and be merry.

IN the month of May,
Is a pretty play,
is called youths wooing;
But long it will not last,
For when that May is past,
there will be no doing.

For loue is so quicke,
He stands on a pricke,
that likes no delaying:

For

Madrigals.

For idle excuses,
Are but loues abuses,
that marre all the Maying.

The squint of an eye,
May oft looke awry,
in fancies new fashion :
But winke and shake the head,
And the colour once dead,
there is the true passion.

When the eye reedeth,
How the hart bleedeth,
in silence true teares :
Then easily may the mind,
If that it be not blind,
see what the spirit beares.

For passions staid lookes,
Are Truths only books,
where kindnesse best reedeth ;
The time and the place,
In beauties best grace,
how loue euer speedeth.

When the time of the yeare,
Doth cal for good cheere,
why should we not laugh and be merry ;
When a Cup of good Sacke,
That hurts not the backe,
will make the cheeks red as a Cherry.

D

When

Madrigals.

When the thred is all spun,
And the worke is all done,
 why should not the work-folkes go play:
When a pot of good Ale,
And a merry old tale,
 would passe the time smooothly away.

When the Medowes are growne,
And the Grasse abroad throwne,
 for shame giue the wench a green gowne;
But when the Haruest is in,
And the Bread in the Bin,
 then, Piper play laugh and lye downe.

When my Dame fals to Bake
A Pudding and a Cake,
 will make cheare in Bowles;
But when the Oyle of Malt,
Makes the heeles for to halt,
 take heed of your lop heauy Nowles.

IN the olde time,
When an odde-pumpe rime,
 would haue made a Dog laugh:
And the Ostesse of the Swan,
Would swinge her good Man,
 with a good quarter staffe.

When more then a good many,
Had nine Egges a penny,
 and Corne was fixe pence a strike;

Then

Madrigals.

Then true blinde deuotion,
Brought such to promotion,
As neuer I hope will be like.

When the Cat kild the Mousse,
And the Dog kept the house,
and all was wholesome and cleanly;
And *John* and his *Joane*,
Did liue of their owne,
full merily, though but all meanely.

When Beefe, Bread and Beere,
Was honest mens cheere,
and welcome and spare not:
And the Man kist the Maid,
And was not affraid,
come who will I care not.

When right should haue reason,
In time, place and season,
and Truth was beleued;
When these things did go thus,
Which Truth doth not show vs,
then Charity flourish:
When loue and good Nature
In euery Creature,
a kind Spirit nourisht.

But if that it were so,
As many do feare no,
that some were sore blinded;

Madrigals.

What euer the cause was,
Tis now at another passe,
men are otherwife minded.

For such as haue prooued,
What is to be loued,
will euer be heedfull :
That nothing be wanting,
Though somewhat be scanting,
to comfort the needfull.

And therefore no matter,
How ere fooles do flatter,
their wits with their will;
I wish the time present,
In all true contentment,
to stay with vs still.

IF the day were as long as the yeare,
And the Gossips were making good cheere,
they would thinke the time were but short :
But if they fall to brawling and scolding,
And the Beggars be at the vpholding,
oh there would be delicate sport.

If the Apples were once in the fire,
Each Gossip had her pot by her,
and euery one to her tale :
And the Wife that went once for a maid,
Would tell what trickes she had plaid,
oh there would be worke for whole sale.

If

Madrigals.

If the Wine once did worke in the braine,
And the Wenches were right in the vaine,
then talke of the reckoning to morrow;
Let Husbands take care for their wiues,
And Gossips make much of their liues,
they are fooles that will dye for sorrow.

IT was my hap of late by chance,
oh pretty chance;
To meet a Country Moris-dance,
oh pretty dance.
When cheefest of them all the foole,
oh pretty foole :
Plaied with a Ladle and a toole,
oh pretty toole :
When euery Younker shak't his Bels,
oh pretty Bels ;
Till sweating feete, gaue fohing smels,
oh fohing smels.
And fine Maide-Marian with her smoile,
oh pretty smoile :
Shew'd how a Rascall plaid the Roile,
oh pretty Roile.
But when the Hobby-horse did wihy,
oh pretty wihy ;
Then all the Wenches gaue a tihy,
oh pretty tihy.
But when they gan to shake their Boxe,
oh pretty Boxe :
And not a Goose could catch a Foxe,
oh pretty Foxe.

Signes and Tokens.

The Piper then put vp his pipes,
oh pretty pipes;
And all the Woodcocks lookt like Snipes,
oh pretty Snipes.
And therewith fell a showry streame,
oh pretty streame:
That I awakt out of my dreame,
oh scurvy dreame.

Signes and Tokens.

When Charing-Crosse and Pauls Church meet,
And breake their fast in Friday street:
When Ware and Waltham goe to Kent
Together, there to purchase Rent.
When Islington and Lambeth ioyne,
To make a voyage to the Groine:
And Southwarke with St. Katherines gree,
To ride in post to Couentry:
When Turmele-street and Clarken-well,
Haue sent all Bawdes and Whores to Hell:
And Long-ditch, and Long-lane do try,
Antiquities for honesty;
And Newgate weepes, and Bridewell greeues,
For want of Beggars, Whores, and Theeues.
And Tyburne doth to Wapping sweare,
Shall neuer more come Hang-man there:
When blinde men see, and dumbe men read,
Which seemes impossible indeed.
And by all rules that I can see,
I thinke in truth will neuer be.

Then

Signes and Tokens.

Then, then ye may say then,
Knaues now will be honest men.

When Youth and Beauty meet together,
theres worke for Breath;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for Death.

When Loue and Honor worke together,
theres worke for Fame;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for shame.

When Hope and Labour go together,
theres worke for gaine,
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for paine.

When Wit and Vertue worke together,
their work goes well;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for Hell.

Let then perfections liue together,
and worke for praise,
For when their worke begins to wither,
their worth decaies.

If all Rules of Phisicke,
Had onely help for the Tisicke;
And all Chirurgeries ground,
Were for the healing of one wound.

And

Signes and Tokens.

And all kind of preaching,
Were but for one Parish teaching,
And all kind of diet,
To keepe one tongue in quiet.
And all kind of pleasures,
Were but for one mans treasures;
And all kind of learning,
Were for one points discerning;
And all kind of disputing,
Were for one points confuting.
And all kind of writing,
Were for one mans delighting :
If there should be such a season,
All so to go against reason;
Which I thinke neuer to see,
Let them that know thinke what will be,

VHen the Rich are all agreed,
On the purses of the poore to feede:
And the wise men finde out fooles Lands,
To get them all into their hands.
And Wenches haue tricks with their eies,
To catch men, as Candles do Flies :
And Swagers make the high-way,
The cheefest part of their stay.
When Bawds and Whores study the Art,
To scape the Whip and the Cart ;
And Cut-purses all take their oathes,
To keepe the Hang-man in cloathes.
When thus the Deuill doth lurke,
To fall with the world to his worke :
Which would be a great sorrow to see,
Pray, that it may neuer be.

Questi-

Questions and Answers.

Qu. Why should a rich man become a Theefe?

An. Because the sweete of gaine ouercomes his

Que. Why should any man want Money?

An. Because some spend it faster then they can get it.

Que. Why are old folkes in loue?

An. Because ease breeds idlenesse.

Que. Why is Tobacco in such esteeme?

An. Because it dries vp Rheume, and spends drinke.

Que. Why do so many people vse gaming?

An. Because they want wit for better exercise.

Que. Why is a Cuckold patient?

An. Because of profit or feare.

Que. Why are men iealous of their wines?

An. Because they are Fooles.

Que. Why are offenders punished?

An. To keepe the Subiects in peace.

Que. Why are Gallants flattered?

An. For a Fooles pride, and a Knaues profit.

Que. Why do Children cry?

An. Because they know not what they would haue.

Que. Why doe Beggars skold?

An. Because they are commonly drunke.

Que. Why doe Apes counterfeits men?

An. Because men counterfeits Apes.

Que. Why are Lawes ordained?

An. To giue euery man his right.

Que. Why are their such delaies in their execution?

An. Because there are so many causes to dispatch.

Que. What makes wares deere in the world?

An. The multitude of people,

Questions and Answers.

Qu. And what makes cheapnesse?

An. Abundance.

Qu. Where is the best dwelling in the world?

An. In a mans owne house.

Qu. And where is the best being for all men?

An. In Heauen.

Qu. What is of most esteeme in the world?

An. Mony.

Qu. What is the least cared for of a great many?

An. Conscience.

Qu. Why is honesty with many held a Iest?

A. Because there are so few honest in earnest.

Qu. Which is the best ground to plant on?

An. That which is a mans owne.

Qu. Why should Beggars liue without labour?

An. Because their Mony comes in easily.

Qu. Why do Gamsters fall out so oft?

An. Because losse breeds impatience.

Qu. Why are rich men most sickly?

An. Because they take to much ease.

Qu. What is the best Phisicke for all creatures?

An. Motion.

Qu. When is best taking Phisicke?

An. When one is sicke.

Qu. What sicknesse is most dangerous?

An. The Plague.

Qu. What most vnsghtly?

An. The Poxe.

Qu. What most continuing?

An. The Ague.

Qu. What most incurable?

An.

Questions and Answers

- An.** The Gout.
- Qu.** What most painefull?
- An.** The Tooth-ache.
- Qu.** What most common?
- An.** The Rheume.
- Qu.** What is ill for the eye-sight?
- An.** An Enemy.
- Qu.** What is good for it?
- An.** Gold.
- Qu.** What is the fruit of Learning?
- An.** Pride, pleasure, or profit.
- Qu.** What is the honor of the Law?
- An.** Iustice.
- Qu.** What is the Glory of the Law?
- An.** Mercy.
- Qu.** And what is the force of the Law?
- An.** Obedience.
- Qu.** What makes Lawyers rich?
- An.** Contentions of Clients.
- Qu.** What makes Magistrates honorable?
- An.** Execution of Iustice.
- Qu.** What is the poore mans happiness?
- An.** Patience.
- Qu.** And what is the wise mans wealth?
- An.** Content.
- Qu.** Why are faire women most lauded?
- An.** Because mens eyes marre their wits.
- Qu.** Why do wise men keepe Fooles?
- An.** To exercise their Charity.
- Qu.** Why are Diuines most worthy Reuerence?
- An.** Because they are the mouths of God vnto his people.
- Qu.** Why are so many Sects in Religion?

Questions and Answers.

An. Because the Deuil sowes sedition in the Church.

Que. Why do many befoole themselves with Idolatry?

A. Because blindnes in deuotiō breeds indiscretion.

Que. Why should wise men be vndone by sureship?

An. Because their loue exceeds their wits.

Qu. Why are men vndone by women?

An. Because they had rather be slaues then free-men.

Que. Why do many Louers grow frantiske?

An. Because they seek that which is hard to be found.

Que. Why do mad men talke so much?

A. Because their tongues wag with the wind of their

Que. Why are honest hearts most crossed? (braine.

An. To try their patience.

Que. When are the patient most happy?

An. At the houre of Death:

Que. What is the greatest feare in the world?

An. To dye.

Que. What is the greatest greefe?

An. Want.

Que. Why do Phisitions die?

An. Because Death is to cunning for them.

Que. Why doe men cry out vpon Fortune?

An. To excuse their follies.

Que. Why do Labourers sing?

An. For the hope of their wages.

Que. Why do wise men take thought?

An. Because their wits are oppressed.

Que. Why are fooles full of Mony?

An. Because tis their baby to play withall.

Que. Why do Misers build faire houses?

An. To mocke Beggars.

Que. Why doe Beggars loue their drinking?

An.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

An. Because iris an exercise of Idlenesse.

Que. Why do Scolds lone scolding?

An. Because it is their naturall Musique.

Que. Why do not Theeues feare hanging?

An. Because it is so easie a punishment.

Que. Why doe not the wicked feare God?

An. Because they are to great with the Deuill.

Que. Why are the vertuous most happy.

An. Because their ioyes are in heauen.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

Come Wisedome, let me speake with thee
a word or two,

Some blessed Lesson reade to me

what I shall do:

What saist thou? First, that Christ his Crosse

must be my speede:

My labour else would be but losse,

what ere I reade.

With Alpha then I must begin

to finde a friend:

To lead me from the way of sinne

to comforts end;

And in Omega reade the last

of all my loue,

Wherein my soule all sorrow past,

her ioy may proue:

I must not sinne, I cannot chuse,

ah wo is me,

To take the ill and good refuse,

through want of thee.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

In Youth I scorned thine aduice,
now I am old,
I hold thy counsaile in more price
then purest Gold:
Thou readst me patience, I confesse
it easeth paine,
But little hope yet of redresse,
thereby I gaine:
Thou readst me penitence for sinne,
with sorrowes smart,
Oh there the sorrow doth begin
that wounds my hart.
Thou readst me hope to heale my wound,
with sorrowes teares;
But conscience makes my hart to ffound,
with sorrowes feares:
Thou readst me Faith, to hold my Hope,
on Mercies Grace,
But when that Faith the gate would ope,
feare hides my face.
Thou readst me loue, the line of life
that leades to blisse;
But hatefull sinne hath wrought the strife,
where no loue is.
Thou readst me Truth yet in the word,
that failes no trust:
But it doth onely Grace affoord
vnto the iust.
Thou readst me Mercy, yet will heale
the wounded hart:
To Mercy then let me appeale,
to cure my smart.

And

Cobs talkewith Wisedome.

And with true faithfull penitence,
to sorrow so;
That Hope with happy patience,
to Heauen may go:
And there with Ioy at Mercies gate
receiue that Grace,
Where neuer Soule that thou dost hate,
may haue a place.

FINIS.

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